

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, May 21, 1803.

*Romance of the Four Dervishes.*

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

*The first Dervish's Story.*

"OH! dervishes, my father lived in the country of Yemen, and was named Khojeh Ahmed. He followed the profession of a merchant, and by his extensive commerce amassed a very large fortune. Myself and a daughter were his only children; and, during his lifetime, my sister was married, and, according to custom, went to live in her husband's house.

"When I had reached my fourteenth year, my father was seized with a fatal illness, and after lingering a week, departed from this transitory abode to the mansions of bliss. My friends and relations came about me, and having duly performed my father's funeral rites, which lasted seven days, left me again, and returned to their own homes.—For three days I sat in a corner of the house, alone and comfortless, mournful and dejected; at the end of which time, some designing knaves having heard that the father was dead, and the son young and inexperienced, came to my door entreating admittance, that they might console with, and comfort me, for the loss I had sustained. I having foolishly acceded to this proposal, they opened their mouths for my consolation. 'Oh! Khojeh Zadah,' said they, 'whoever comes into this world, must again depart from it; no person remaineth here for ever. Tears and lamentations avail nothing, for from the days of Adam until now, the death of the father and

mother is the inheritance of every son. Learn that there is One alone who liveth for ever—the Universal Parent—and no other being. May God preserve you in life! weep no more, but pray to him for the salvation of your father's soul: give alms to the poor, and rouse yourself from this lethargic grief.'

"Oh! dervishes, I lent an attentive ear to these specious discourses, and was deceived by them. In a word, by their wiles and cunning I was overtaken, and gradually led into a life of rioting and extravagance. Never for a moment did I awaken from this dream of pleasure; losing my time with rosy-cheeked damsels, and beardless youths, in flowery gardens, and at luxurious banquets, where nothing was heard but the most ravishing strains of vocal and instrumental music.—After three years had rolled on in this manner, I found my fortune, which had originally amounted to forty thousand toumans of gold, entirely spent; my deceitful friends, after stripping me of all I was worth, abandoned me to my fate; my domestics robbed me of all they could lay hands on, and left me without any thing to support bare life. Oppressed with sorrow, I hid myself in a corner of a mosque three days and nights, ashamed to show my face. On the fourth, overcome with hunger, I rushed out of the mosque, without knowing whither to betake myself; but suddenly recollecting my sister, I determined to apply to her relief.—Oh! dervishes, she had frequently sent for me, saying, 'Brother, I am dying to see you; for, excepting yourself, I have no other remembrance of our much-loved parents. Thou art never alone for me to come and gladden my soul with a sight of thee: come then to my house, and raise thy enfeebled sister from the ground, and console her eyes with the light of thy beau-

ty.—Perpetually engaged in love and wine, I never paid any attention to her affectionate requests. Relying, nevertheless, on her unshaken attachment to me, I now set out for her house. When I knocked at the door, and she was informed who was there, she ran out in haste; but upon beholding my wretched appearance, she gave a loud scream, beat her bosom, and tore her hair. Recovering a little from the first emotions of surprise, she flew into my arms, kissed my face, and taking me into her own apartment, placed meat and wine before me, and loaded me with kindness. After remaining with her some time, this prudent woman addressed me in the following terms: 'Oh! brother, I know it is impossible for men to stay always at home, otherwise I would devote the whole of my life to your service; and besides, as you cannot remain at present in this city, your character being gone, and yourself looked upon as a spendthrift, I think it advisable for you to travel for some years, until your former infamous companions, hunting after the ruin of some other person, have forgotten you; and you may then return to follow the profession of your father, with credit and respectability.'

"Sensible of her good advice, I agreed to her proposal. She then presented me with a purse, containing fifty toumans of gold, saying, 'Brother, this is enough for your expences, if you are prudent; if you are not so, a hundred thousand thousand toumans would not suffice you. I am informed that a company of merchants intend setting out in a few days for the city of Shaum; you should, therefore, purchase goods here, and send them on before you to that city, by a careful camel-driver, and awaiting yourself the departure of those merchants, travel along with them.' Next morning I exerted myself in obeying her

commands, and having bought my goods, I sent them off the same day. Unluckily, tho', the merchants set out before I had got myself completely equipped for the journey. I was, therefore, obliged to follow them on horseback alone, and after travelling all day without overtaking them, I arrived at night, at the city of Shaum, some time after the gates were shut.

"The moon was shining with uncommon lustre.

"The face of that night was washed with the rose-water of morning.

"It was clear as the day when enlightened by the sun.

"The prospect was enchanting as the countenance of the beloved fair one.

"It ravisheth the soul as her love.

"Pleasure had built the night without the toil of workmen.

"The mortar was musk and amber.

"The cool breeze of the evening, and the mild radiance of the moon,

"Banished from the eyes the desire of sleep."

"Delighted with these objects, I alighted from my horse, and walked to and fro by the ditch under the lofty walls of the city. Suddenly I perceived a man letting down a chest, by a rope, from one of the battlements, and when it reached the brink of the ditch, he let it drop, and disappeared. 'Certainly,' said I to myself, 'this person must be a robber, who having broken into the treasury of some rich man, or the warehouse of some merchant, deposits part of his booty here, until he goes back for the remainder.' I waited some time looking for his return; but as nobody appeared, I thought within myself, perhaps God has determined to bless me again with wealth, and has brought me to this place to find it. With such thoughts, led by the irresistible hand of Fate, I approached the place where the chest lay; and, from the desire of money, fell into a snare.

"When the ant has fallen into a slippery glass, its own efforts to escape are in vain.

"When Fate descends from the heavens, on whose head soever it falls, it renders him deaf and dumb.

"The hand of Fate has five fingers, and when she wishes to destroy any one,

"She places two upon his eyes, two upon his ears, the fifth upon his lips, and says, Be silent."

"When I came to where the chest lay, I took it in haste upon my shoulders, and retiring from the view of the public road, I o-

pened the lid, and looked in. Would to God I never had! Oh! dervishes, what was my astonishment when I beheld a most beautiful lady, with a face fair as the moon; and with black ringlets, odoriferous as musk!

"Her delicate body was wounded in several places with the stabs of a dagger, her eyes were closed from the light of the world, and her hair was clotted with blood. In a word, her appearance was such, as made me fear she had tasted the cup of death.—O! dervishes! (for it was written in the book of Fate,) I became enamoured of her beauty, and exclaimed, 'What cruel wretch has had the heart to treat this lovely creature in this manner!—to break this cypress plant with the stone of destruction! While I was thus bewailing her unhappy fate, of a sudden her senses returned, and she uttered the following words in a low and mournful tone, 'O! unworthy object of my affections! merciless tyrant! is this the recompence of my kindness and hospitality?—Why have you forgotten all the favours I heaped upon you? and why have you extinguished the lamp of life in the flower of youth? To be good to the wicked, the poet Sadi says, is to be wicked to the good. Who bestows kindness upon an unkind heart, is sure to be repaid with the most bitter pain.' Oh! dervishes, astonished and distracted with love, when I heard the sweet voice and mournful complaints of this ravisher of hearts, my reason left me, and these words came from the bottom of my heart: 'Alas! I am your protector from evil! Would my eyes were blind, that I might not see what my eyes behold! Be my hand cut off if ever I did you any harm! and be my heart more rent than it is, if ever I harboured any thing but affection for you!' When that beautiful creature heard these words, she said, 'Who art thou? and for whom dost thou lament?' I replied, 'I am your devoted slave.'

"A stranger, unfriended, robbed of his heart:

"A captive to thy beauty in this mournful condition:

"Overwhelmed in the sea of amazement at the cause of thy distress,

"My heart has left me, and became enamoured of thee."

"O! adorable creature! I am a native of Yemen: tell me of what garden thou art the cypress! and the bright ornament of what banquet? Who has brought you into this condition, not having the fear of God before his eyes?"

"She breathed a cold sigh, and said, 'O! generous stranger, I fear to tell you the

mournful tale, lest your heart should break: bury me in a corner, and forget that this adventure has ever happened to you: erase the remembrance of it from the tablet of your heart, and may God reward you!' Saying this, she again relapsed into insensibility.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## THE HERMIT:

A DRAMATIC TRIFLE.

IN THREE ACTS.

(CONTINUED.)

ACT SECOND.—*Con.*

SCENE II.—*Con.*—Enter Hermit.

*Henry.* [To the Hermit.] Farewell, venerable father, we must depart, our duty recalls us to society; my sister, perhaps, is living, and requires my assistance. May heaven pour the balm of comfort into your bleeding heart!—I would thank you for your kind and hospitable entertainment, but cannot; I have no words to express my gratitude; my heart is full, and overflows at my eyes.

*Hermit.* Give me no thanks; I have done but little for you; I have only shared the little I possess, with those who are more than welcome. You have cheered me in my solitude, and made some, otherwise mournful hours, pass more cheerfully away. Go, my young friend, seek your sister; O! that she may have been saved, may yet reward your endeavours! It will give me joy to hear of your success, and should you ever again visit this solitary shore—But it is not probable. Adieu, adieu, the blessings of an old man attend you. [*Williams appears, descending the rocks.*] But who is this, descending yonder height? he appears fatigued.—Can it be! is it possible! It is! once more I see my preserver, the good, the generous Williams!

*Enter Williams, and rushes into the Hermit's arms.*

*Hermit.* My dear friend! what brings you here? Much as I rejoice to see you, I fear I am indebted to some misfortune for this visit.

*Williams.* Misfortune! ah! no! my venerable friend; this is the most fortunate hour of my existence! I bring you welcome intelligence.

*Hermit.* What intelligence can concern me? Thou canst not bring intelligence which will particularly interest an isolated being like me. [*To Henry and Williams.*]



But stay, my friends, this man will conduct you to a settlement where you may again mix with the world.

Williams. [To the Hermit.] My good friend, had you ever a daughter?

Hermit. Why will you ask this question? I had a daughter; she was all a fond and tender parent could desire, [with emotion,] but she is no more.

Williams. Are you certain of this?

Hermit. Why that question? that doubt? Alas! I am too certain! While I was in England, she was sent to France for the recovery of her health, and then—Ask no further.

Williams. Yet one question; her name?

Hermit. Her name was Emma.

Williams. There is now at my farm, an amiable lady, who is well acquainted with her, and says she is still living.

Hermit. Impossible! I received certain intelligence of her death; she fell a victim to revolutionary phrenzy.

Williams. You are, you must be mistaken: this lady knew her well; she says your daughter is now in America.

Hermit. Trifle not with the feelings of a miserable old man, whose days are overclouded with sorrow. Tell me, I beseech you, all you know of this inexplicable business; good or evil tidings can now make but little impression on me.

Williams. Hear me then, and rejoice;—your daughter, whom you believed dead—Emma Hammond is now at my house!

Hermit. Emma Hammond, did you say? my daughter! Repeat it, lest my senses have deceived me.

Williams. You are not deceived, I have told you the truth.

Hermit. Wonderful! astonishing! a thousand blessings attend thee for this, my dear Williams. Thou hast again made happiness the inmate of a bosom she had long deserted.

Henry. [In extreme agitation.] My father! behold, and bless thy son!

Hermit. My son! [Clasping him to his bosom.] My beloved son! do I once more behold thee? art thou here? have the graves given up their dead?—Yes, I have found thee, and my daughter too! O! gracious, wonder-working Providence! accept my thanks: I have found my children, to cheer my declining age, and smooth my passage to the grave. But who is this? is it my old servant William? It is! my eyes are once more opened to behold scenes of joy.

William. [Shaking hands with the Hermit.] My dear, my honoured master! I have found thee again. Well, who would have

thought it, when we were cast away on this dismal place. I didn't expect to find my master, not I: but so it often happens, good often comes from bad.

Williams. Come, my friends, let us not linger here, let us leave these lonely shades. Hasten to the arms of a daughter. [To Henry.] And a sister.

Hermit. Yes, we will go. I will again return to society, which I had forsaken, I thought for ever. I will return joyfully, and pass the remnant of my days among my children. And now, ye solemn scenes, I bid you an eternal adieu. [Exit all.]

SCENE III.—A wood.—Enter Merton.

Merton. I believe I have missed my road; here I see nothing but trees on every side, and no path for a horse. But night approaches, I can search no longer; I must return, and endeavour to find some lodging place, and shelter for my horse; for these gloomy forests, will, I think, afford but indifferent accommodation. [Going.]

Enter two Robbers.

1st Robber. [To Merton.] Stop and deliver your money, or this moment is your last.

Merton. Money!

Robber. Aye, money, quick, we have no time to spare.

Merton. I have none. [Placing himself in a defensive attitude.]

Robber. We will see that. [Attacks him, he defends himself with his whip, they struggle, at length Merton falls.]

Merton. Spare my life, at least; of what service can it be to you?

Robber. Spare your life! ha, ha, do you think we are no better skilled in our profession? Spare your life, that you may be able to have us apprehended? Very fine, indeed; no, no, we will make sure work of it, you shall die. [He makes an attempt to stab him, Merton wards off the blow with his whip.]

Merton. If generosity and humanity has not entirely deserted your breast, have mercy on a defenceless man, who—

Robber. Peace! you must die.

Merton. Then strike, villain, nor think I shall shrink from the blow; but remember, the day will come when you will ask in vain the mercy you now deny me. Blood goes not unavenged.

2d Robber. [To the 1st.] Oh! spare his life. [To Merton.] Have you—

1st Robber. Silence, milk-hearted villain, or I'll send you to hell in an instant. [He again raises his knife to kill Merton, in the mean time the other takes his pocket-book.]

[A voice is heard] Hold, inhuman villain! hold your hand! [Enter George, with a fowl—ing-piece, presented] or you die this instant. [The Robbers fly.]

George. [approaching Merton, who lies bleeding on the ground.] Are you hurt, Sir?

Merton. [Groans, and closes his eyes.]

George. Unfortunate man! I believe you have left this world for ever. The infernal villain has done his business too well. Oh! if I had come but two minutes sooner, I might have saved his life! [Merton sighs.] But he has only fainted; there is still hope! [Merton opens his eyes, raising him from the earth.] You are safe, Sir; the villains are fled. When you get better, I will conduct you to a house.

Merton. [Faintly.] Thanks, my generous preserver; but for your assistance I had perished.

George. [Wiping the blood from his face, and binding a handkerchief around his head.] How came you here? I believe you are a stranger in this part of the country.

Merton. Being a stranger, I missed my road; I left my horse at the edge of the wood, and sought a path. I was attacked by robbers, and should have perished, had you not appeared, and saved my life.

George. Come, Sir, it's growing dark; if you are able, I will lead you to a house. [Assists him to rise, and leads him off the stage.]

Enter a Ploughboy.

Ploughboy. Here, George, I've catch'd a horse, with a saddle and bridle, and walters on his back. [Sees Merton, and starts back.] But who's that there man, all bloody?

George. Go and take care of the horse; you'll know bye and bye. [Exit all.]

End of Act Second.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

# REFLECTIONS ON SPRING.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!  
"Almighty—thine this universal frame,  
"Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!  
"Unspeakable!....."

OF all the seasons, SPRING is the most delightful. Nature is as it were then beginning to receive existence. The howling storms of desolate Winter, are gone and forgotten; the mild serenity of the morning, the gradual advances of vegetation, and the changing appearance of the whole face of things, accompanied by the harmonious confusion of singing birds,

heard on every side, convey to the transported imagination, a pleasure which the mind can scarcely receive, far less describe. Not only birds and animals, but even the inanimate creation, seem to rejoice in something like that universal joy expressed on the appearance of the first Spring, when "The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Yet strange as it may appear, there are men in the world, to whom all these glorious manifestations of the Deity, these inexhaustible bounties bestowed on his creatures, are overlooked, despised, or utterly disregarded. Winter may blow, Spring renew the world, and Summer and Harvest return in rich pomp—it is all one to them; if their bellies or their coffers are full, they care for no more. Such wretches are truly contemptible....Hence, ye insensible, unfeeling beings! ye most callous and ungrateful of the works of God! ye are unworthy of any of those blessings, which the generous FATHER of all, showers down upon his creatures; may your company and your feelings be for ever strangers to my bosom!

Did the Almighty Creator of this universe design his works to be overlooked? Did He furnish with inimitable beauty, many of the minutest, and with astonishing grandeur, all the conspicuous parts of creation, to be neglected? Did he set them for ever before our eyes, as well in the depth of midnight, as in the glare of noon, to be disregarded? Did he bestow on man reason and reflection—eyes to behold, and a mind to comprehend, for no other purpose than to know what he should eat and drink, and how to overreach his neighbour? Are we apt to be in admiration at some curious production of art, some elegant piece of architecture, or expressive performance in painting; and is there any thing in art like the astonishing magnificence of this world, and the surrounding planets? or equal to the ravishing pencil of Nature? Who can give life to his figures in painting, make his trees wave, and his groups of cattle range about his meadows? or give motion and action to the huge pile he may rear up to heaven? Alas! how puny and weak are all the exertions of the greatest copyists, to the great original, Nature! and how worthy of contemplation are the ever-varying scenes around us! The music of the groves—the roaring of the tempest,—the striking colours of the living landscape,—the immense circle of heaven,—the boundless extent of ocean, comprehend all that is great, sublime or mag-

nificent in painting, poetry, music, and eloquence; and sink into the soul with irresistible power.

Come then, ye amateurs of arts and sciences, come, and with me survey these glorious originals, of which all your systems and most perfect performances are but miserable and feeble imitations!—Do you admire the wonderful powers of the pencil?—cast your eye along that sloping dale, where herds of cattle industriously stray; where groves and thickets are scattered over the green level, through which the whitened sails of the lofty vessel glides slowly along; while rugged mountains, and a blue sky close the scene; where the songs of the cheerful rustic, the smoking of the distant cottages, the universal appearance of felicity and plenty, innocence and peace, almost intoxicates the heart with joy. What person can contemplate such a prospect, and not feel his heart overflow with gratitude to that all-bountiful and omnipotent BEING, who thus pours down his blessings, and delights in the happiness of all his creatures. Great God! may a conviction of thy munificence never cease to animate my bosom! may thy goodness teach me humanity—thy greatness a contempt for those who call themselves great—and the constant succession of night and day, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, this glorious truth.... That thou art our *kind and universal* PARENT, and we *brothers and sisters* of one great FAMILY A. W.

Gray's Ferry, May 17, 1803.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### *The Contemplator, No. 5.*

Love, that tyrant of the soul,  
Does every other pow'r controul.

AMATOR, ALIAS PHILADELPHUS.

THERE is no passion implanted in the human breast, more intimately connected with our existence than Love. It is a passion which, when it seizes on the soul, shuts out every other object; it engrosses the whole attention, and leaves no room for any other wish or desire. The power of love has been more or less experienced by all ranks and stations, from the days of Adam to the present time. The effects of disappointed affection have furnished subjects to exercise the talents of the writers of every age. "When this passion is at its height," says Rousseau, "it arrays the beloved object in every possible perfection, makes it an idol, places it in heaven; and as the enthusiasm of devotion borrows the language of love, so the enthusiasm of love

borrows the language of devotion. The lover beholds nothing but paradise, angels, the virtues of saints, and the felicities of heaven." The miseries caused by a romantic and hopeless passion, are of the most severe kind. In vain may the lover attempt to shake it off, he soon finds it impossible.

*Harret laten letbalis anindo.*

VIRGIL 4 mo.

The fatal dart

Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart.

Miss R —, an inhabitant of this city, was possessed of a handsome person, and amiable disposition. She had, early in life, lost her mother, who died, leaving behind her two children, our heroine and her brother. Her father during the latter part of his life, became embarrassed in his circumstances, which preying on his spirits, aided by bodily infirmities, soon deprived him of existence; leaving his daughter, in the twentieth year of her age, with nothing to depend on but her own exertions, and the assistance which could be rendered her by her brother....A young Virginian who had accidentally seen her, was pleased with her person; and hearing her history, was touched with pity for her misfortunes, which, on acquaintance, soon generated love. His passion being of the most ardent kind, he soon came to an explanation, and had the happiness to find that she entertained the same sentiments for him. Her prospects now seemed to brighten with the expectation of her intended marriage, when she might reasonably hope to attain that station in life which her merit entitled her to. But, alas! how seldom are our pleasing expectations realized! How often are we disappointed in our hopes of happiness!—His relations hearing of his intended union, became alarmed, and determined, by whatever means, to prevent it. They beheld the alliance as degrading, from disparity of condition, and considered, as is too common in the present day, that wealth will hide a multitude of imperfections, and that they who want it, want every thing. To such people it is in vain to speak of the beauties of the mind, of amiableness of disposition, and those nameless good qualities which are the characteristics of the virtuous: the sordid mind is insensible to this; it is bent on one object.

"When avarice enslaves the mind,

"And selfish views alone bear sway,

"Man grows a savage to his kind,

"And blood and rapine mark his way."

They wrote him to return home, under pretence of business of importance; and when he had arrived, they disclosed to him



their views, and forbid him to proceed any further in the affair. It was in vain that he informed them of his obligations, that he was bound by every tie of honour, as well as inclination, to perform his promise. His parents insisted on obedience...he knew not how to act...his bosom was torn with contending passions; love on the one side, and duty on the other.—Hard indeed is his situation, who is so placed that he cannot unbend his mind to gratify its most noble emotions!—During this time, Miss R— received no tidings of her lover, whose return she soon expected. Several months elapsed; still no account. During his absence, Mr. W—, a gentleman of this city, possessing a handsome fortune, tho' somewhat advanced in years, becoming acquainted with her, soon disclosed to her brother a passion which he had conceived for her, and begged him to use his influence in obtaining her hand. When informed of her previous attachment, he did not despair; but as her lover had not returned, he hoped, by perseverance, to gain his point. He did not seem by nature calculated to be the husband of Miss R—; she was of a mild and easy disposition, he a slave to his passions, and guided by the impulse of the moment; though possessed of a noble and generous disposition.

Things remained in this situation until the fall of 1798, when the fever increasing to an alarming degree, made it necessary to fly. Whilst preparations were making for their departure, Miss R—'s brother was seized with the disorder, which soon proved to be mortal;—whilst on his death-bed, he begged her in the most earnest manner to accept Mr. W—'s hand, shewed her the destitute situation she would be placed in, and that at his death, she would lose her only protector.—A dread of poverty, and its attendant ills, often induce persons to do things which, in a better situation, they would chuse to avoid. None feels its pressure so acutely as those who are reduced from affluence to want. This probably too much influenced Miss R—, and perhaps pride somewhat worked in her mind, as she was ignorant of the real cause of her lover's absence, and might have supposed that he had banished all remembrance of her from his breast. She accordingly accepted the hand of Mr. W—, and flattered herself that time might erase the impression of her former love—but

"——— Time's destructive hand,  
"Which rocks the towering column to its base,  
"And overturns the mightiest works of man;  
"Ne'er from the feeling bosom can erase  
"The sweet remembrance of former love,  
"Long as the vital current knows its course."

Marriage, without previous attachment, seldom produces happiness. This Miss R— soon found to be true. Tho' living in affluence and plenty, she was miserable. In the meantime her former lover hearing of her marriage, the effect it produced on him is not to be described: grief and despair reigned alternately in his breast. The violence of these paroxysms affected his intellects, and reduced him to a state little short of madness. He addressed letters to her filled with the keenest reproaches, which sufficiently showed the state of his mind, and reduced her to a situation little better than his own. A woman in the prime of life, proceeding from one step to another, at length took refuge in that bane of virtue, *drinking*, to ease her tortured mind; and she now lives, an object which must excite the pity and disgust of all who see her.

This is one of the many examples of *disappointed love*. Here those noble emotions were smothered!...here society was deprived of two of its members, who might have been its brightest ornaments.

PHILADELPHUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

*I observed in your paper of the 17th inst. a publication addressed to the Ladies of Philadelphia, under the signature of a "Young Bachelor;" the following comments are intended as an answer; by giving them a place in your literary Repository, you will confer an obligation upon* A Subscriber.

"As if the calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils."

ADDISON.

IT is with regret I enter into a controversy upon a subject of so little importance as that introduced by a *Young Bachelor*; but upon perusing his observations, I could not forbear expressing my sentiments upon paper. I was further induced to do this, from a conviction that the nature of his remarks would tend to lead astray the minds of a number of our youth, as well as to bring into disrepute the *first great blessing of nature*; and with pain I observe one of competent erudition to produce a publication of two columns in a Repository of general utility, adopt maxims degrading to human nature. The writer has assumed a philanthropic and disinterested tone, under the specious epithet of *advice*; but it is obvious from the whole tenor of his discourse, that he has imbibed an implacable

resentment against the sex. After seeking favours without effect, and in all probability without meriting them, he emphatically says, "I court no favours, and from you I expect none!" and remarks, that the subject has not been noticed by any other writer. In that particular, the writers of all ages, who have treated upon the education, manners and customs of the female sex, have passed over in silence the satirical malevolence which he has levelled against them. Amid so many great and glorious writers who have illumined the world with their productions, undoubtedly if they conceived the subject to demand their serious attention, would they have neglected to trace the pernicious effects? I cannot adopt the affirmative: the fact appears to be, that the author has been disappointed in illegal pursuits, and thus taken public measures to gratify his virulence, by attempting to sacrifice the whole sex to his vindictive disposition, under the plausible pretext of fulfilling his duty.

It is almost impossible to be too profuse in our praise of that soft sex, who have brought us to the happy state of civilization in which we now are, and who form the chief bond of society, by bringing us to that state of virtue and perfection, which the great Author of Nature designed us for. It is to them we are to look up to for the enjoyment of life in its purity. I cannot recommend too strongly the company of virtuous females; they have the power to inspire young men with maxims of honour, virtue and patriotism. What pleasure must it afford to a young man who resorts to the society of females for mental enjoyment!—it is there he has an opportunity of imparting the knowledge derived from his studies, to the fair one whom he loves. To use the language of a beautiful author, "it fills life with a thousand delicious perspectives, by displaying in futurity the most desirable of unions." In no case whatever, have I observed the capacity of females to be inferior to that of men; if there is any difference, it certainly is in favour of the ladies, who, in general evince a greater share of vivacity, and a readier talent for conversation than young men. To the *Young Bachelor*, and others, who, in the pride of scholastic learning, attempt to depreciate the abilities of the female sex, and endeavour to seek a cause of blame from every trivial circumstance, which in the events of life, must necessarily occur,—to them is this discourse principally directed; and to them is due the most pointed censure. Would they for a moment reflect upon the difficulties and dan-

gers which females from their situation are doomed to suffer—the nourishment they received from them in their infancy—the defenceless and dependent state in which they are placed from the usurpation of rights by man, and in general the kind and endearing treatment they receive, in return for persecution and oppression, I flatter myself it would not fail to produce opposite sentiments, upon the minds of those scientific pedants.

It would be impossible to describe the ignorance which mankind would degenerate into, was it not for the society of females. The greatest qualifications which enoble youth, are derived from a communication with them, which gives them a relish for study. Experience has shown that without a mutual friendship, we should inevitably lose all the moral ties of nature, and dwindle into vice and barbarism. Man has been the principal cause of their faults, by neglecting to give them an education suitable to the dignity of their sex, deluding them with base falsehoods, and compelling them to be subservient to their imperious wills.

But let us revert to the charges adduced against them. One class is charged with whispering, snickering, and transgressing the rules of politeness; another class with propogating fictions, of aspersing the characters of others, and of forging letters; had the author added *pinching* to the first class, (which would be a necessary charge, as the ladies practice that form, to communicate their ideas) his imputations would have worn a still more doleful face. The allegations of the first class are puerile in the extreme; the incongruity is perceptible at the first glance. Will any person candidly say, that whispering and snickering are crimes? doubtless none but the author of the accusations would—Shall we be prohibited from delivering our sentiments privately, because it is incompatible with the unmeaning ceremonies of politeness? or of expressing our feelings in any manner whatever, when occasion requires? If any person is averse to proceedings of that kind, let him seek such company as will conform more to his wishes. The allegations of the second class, appear to be of a more serious nature; but as the author acknowledges them to be intended for a particular class, it is manifest that persons who are guilty of vices so detestable, cannot come under the denomination of virtuous females, it would reflect ignominy upon any person to attempt a refutation; as the class which the author alludes to, cannot merit the attention of any man of feel-

ing. Suppose for a moment the writer should refer to the reputable part of the female sex, in what a desperate light must we then view him, to adduce crimes the most black, against persons whose conduct is the most unexceptionable; who, from their suasive and benign actions disseminate infinite happiness and felicity around; to draw a conclusion from this supposition, it would appear, that his aim would be to destroy the fundamental principles of religion, and totally subvert the natural sympathy that subsists between the sexes. But I am unwilling to believe there is in existence a wretch capable of acting so contrary to all laws, both human and divine. I have to lament that a youth should have been led into company the most abandoned, and apparently associated with them a considerable time; till, for some cause, they have exasperated him to a degree, savouring of licentiousness, and his animadversions have extended to all classes of the female sex. I am persuaded, that I should not be entitled to the thanks of one estimable female, if I attempted to confute the gross charges contained in the publication. They can only be applied, and perhaps with justice, to the company which the writer has been used to keep. I am well aware of my incapacity to pursue the subject; but if the observations I have thrown out, should serve to excite some person more adequate to the task, to step forward and support the weaker sex, I shall consider myself amply rewarded, and whenever occasion requires, in case of an egregious attack, similar to the one under the signature of "A Young Bachelor," I shall always be found among the foremost to contribute my feeble efforts to defend

#### THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

#### TO THE YOUNG BACHELOR.

SIR,

I Observed with surprise, in the last Repository, an Address to the Ladies of Philadelphia, in which you, regardless of the natural timidity and weakness of the sex, have arraigned us before the tribunal of your most august bachelorship: but relying on the good sense and impartiality of the beaux of Philadelphia, (who, I suppose, will compose the jury) I hope we shall be soon and honourably acquitted. Previous to the pending trial, I shall endeavour (as well as my feeble pen will permit me) to erase from their minds the stigma which you have indelicately affixed to our characters. The recently acquired fashion-

able way of ridiculing gentlemen in their own presence, is, I acknowledge, the case; but I will ask you, if they (with some exceptions) are not themselves the cause? and of course deserving of it? for no sooner is a gentleman introduced to us, than he commences his discourse with some ridiculous grimaces, such as strutting before us, with his hands in his pockets, in order to shew his fine person, or perhaps a new dress: is it not natural, then, for us to attach to that character, the epithet of *fool*, *ape*, or some other title, as applicable to distinguish him from others of the same species? and I am sure you would not wish us to make our remarks on him so loud as to be heard by those on the other side the room. Whispering then is indispensibly necessary on this occasion, as well as on others; and if one of us should make a laughable observation, we may certainly avail ourselves of that privilege, without being subjected to your censure. But you will reply, it is a breach of politeness;—why then do your sex practise it? We certainly are not unjustifiable in imitating "men of taste," neither can their actions be void of good manners.

The effect produced on your frame, by the exclamation of the lady, was really astonishing. I am happy to congratulate you upon your miraculous escape from a dangerous mishap; for had your indignation been composed of combustible materials, it is impossible to foretell what would have been the event—but I fear we should have been deprived of your excellent instructions, and you would have soared aloft to repeat your lessons to the winged inhabitants of the upper regions. Women possess a quality which men do not; namely, that of acknowledging their faults when they know they are in the wrong. I confess, that too many of our sex feel gratified when listening to the artful and well-varnished tale, told by the insinuating and designing flatterer, who would fain make us believe, that we are the only idols, to whom they bend the knee, that it is to us, and us only, that they ever paid, or intend paying adoration; when to the next fair object that appears, they will tell the same story, if she is so weak as to pay them attention. Men suppose flattery essential to make them admired by our sex; but if they knew how despicable it caused them to be in the opinion of those few who see through the veil which envelope them, they would never practise it. Pity it is, indeed, that we ladies are fallen so low; how shall we regain our former character?—By paying attention to, and putting into execution the



rules and regulations laid down by the "man of sense;" by those means we shall quit the very "irksome state of celibacy," and shine a bright ornament of society.—What, says the lady ("who is over-anxious to enter the holy state of matrimony,") are those rules? I hope the tasty gentlemen would not wish us to make a proposal of marriage to them! No, no, my dear over-hasty girl; in the first place, you are not to dub the gents with fictitious names; secondly, you are not to snicker in your sleeve, whisper, and make remarks in a corner; thirdly, you must not exclaim in a transport of delight, that you are partial to whispering, snickering, or stiling a gentleman, *Tom, Dick, Harry*, or any other name, which in your opinion, he merits by his insignificant conduct; in short, you are to be an animated post, conforming yourself to every rule which the creature, man, would impose upon you; then, perhaps, a possibility would exist, that you would one day quit the disagreeable state alluded to. I believe there is not a female in existence, who would not scorn to be controlled by you bachelors, whether old or young. I hope they will not let the pen remain inactive, when so flagrant an invasion, or incroachment on their territory, is intended; for I am certain, if once in possession, they would never quit it, till they had degraded you to the rank of slaves. Rouse, then, ye Amazonians! assert your rights, and you are sure to conquer!

ANN LIVELY.

## PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 21, 1803.

## INTELLIGENCE.

### BLESSINGS OF LIGATION.

AT the last Supreme Court at New Castle, (Del.) a contention about a *SHEEP*, worth *three dollars*, was closed without trial, and the united costs and expences of the parties were more than 300 dollars!!

SOME time ago a woman presented at a Pawnbroker's office, in Hoarse's-lane, in Cork, a bundle of clothes as a pledge, demanding at the same time to be informed of the sum which the pawnbroker would lend. After a proper inspection of the contents of the bundle, she was answered, that 18 shil. was the highest sum that could be advanced on the goods; but as the woman seemed to consider the sum to be inadequate to her wants, she re-packed her bundle with great care in the presence of the clerk, and withdrew to the door. In a few seconds she returned, and said she had changed her mind, and would accept of the sum offered her, laying at the same time a bundle on the counter. She accordingly receiv-

ed the money and went away. The clerk took up the bundle to convey it up stairs in the store-room, and had proceeded part of the way, when he perceived something to move in the bundle, a circumstance which caused him to re-examine what he thought he had before inspected with sufficient accuracy; and upon opening the outside folds of the bundle, his astonishment on perceiving a fine boy, may be easier conceived than expressed. The woman had prepared two bundles as much alike as possible, and by the dextrous substitution of the one for the other, she contrived to impose the infant on the clerk. It should be stated, with the credit it deserves, that the pawnbroker having had the child christened, and called *Bundle-Boy*, provided it with proper clothes and a nurse, and has exercised the most attentive humanity to the little orphan. [Lon. Pap.]

## INVENTIONS & IMPROVEMENTS.

ELIZABETH-TOWN, MAY 10.

THE insubmersible and invisible BOAT, constructed by a French gentleman in this town, M. A. Du Buc Marentille, was launched yesterday morning, near the Marker-house, in presence of a concourse of spectators. If this boat shall answer the purposes for which it is designed, it will no doubt prove one of the greatest acquisitions to the sea-faring class of people ever yet invented—it is constructed in such a manner, as to render it actually, in the heaviest storm at sea, such as will neither fill, sink, nor upset—it is to be taken to New-York this day for inspection, and further experiment.

### On Washing and Cleansing the Stems of Fruit Trees.

ROBERT MARSHUM, esq. (Eng.) having mentioned some experiments which he made in washing trees, observes, that all the ingredients in vegetation united, which are received from the roots, stem, branches and leaves of a mossy and dirty tree, do not produce half the increase which another receives, whose stem is well cleansed. He thinks it clear, that this greater share of nourishment cannot come from rain; because the dirty stem will retain the moisture longer than when clean; and the nourishment drawn from the roots, and imbibed by the branches and leaves must be the same to both trees.

It is the opinion of this writer, that a great share of vegetative ingredient is conveyed in dew: that the moss and dirt, which surround the stems of trees, absorb the finest particles of the dew; and also act as a kind of screen in depriving the tree of that share of air and sun which it requires. [Balance.]

## Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 30th ult. by John Barker, esq. Mr. Isaac Carpenter, of Chester county, to the accomplished Miss Hannah Paymont, of the county of Delaware.

—, on the 5th inst. by John Curwen, esq. Mr. John Elliot, to Miss Margaret Morgan, both of Montgomery county.

—, on the 12th inst. at Friends' Meeting-house, Thomas Chandler, to Margaret Evans, both of this city.

—, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Alpheus Freeman, esq. Counsellor at Law, of New Brunswick, (N. J.) to Miss Mary Parker, of this city.

—, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Joseph Jones, son of Mr. Benjamin Jones, of Chester County, to Miss Eleanor Horn, daughter of Mr. George Horn, of Montgomery County.

—, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Charles Ferral, esq. of the island of St. Croix, to Miss Mary Towers, of this city.

## Deaths.

DIED, at Curacao, on the 14th of last March, in the 47th year of his age, Benjamin Hammett Phillips, esq. Consul for the United States to that island. It would be a culpable neglect in his friends, not to notice thus publicly, the varied excellence of mind and manners, which we have uniformly contemplated and admired in this worthy man. This is the last, and indeed, the least tribute we owe to a departed friend, a simple and unaggrandized memorial of his virtues, a memorial which cannot flatter the dead, nor offend the living, when it is true, and such as every good man would be proud to deserve. Mr. Phillips, no less indebted to nature than to his own industry, acquired a stock of knowledge far above mediocrity, and of such kind, as made him respected and interesting to all who had familiar intercourse with him. To a mind considerably expanded and refined to elegance, he united a disposition naturally mild, open and generous: and this was mellowed by his attainments into an habitual cheerfulness, and fitted him for discharging, without sourness or asperity, the numerous duties of husband, father, brother, friend, and citizen. In domestic life, where the foibles and blemishes of our nature are most conspicuous, he was most beloved, because here he was best known; and in his multifarious intercourse with the world, he acquired what he never lost, the merited character of an honourable man. In a word, the compass of his intellectual and moral endowments, exhibits a correct specimen of the polished gentleman, the humane, and honest man. As he lived blameless, respected, and beloved, so he died, deplored by many, and regretted by all who knew him, and bequeathed to his relatives, friends, and fellow-men, in his amiable and unsullied reputation, a model worthy of their imitation.

—, on the 14th inst. aged 76, the Rev. Dr. William Smith, a distinguished writer and preacher, and for many years Provost of the College of Philadelphia.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In addition to the two replies to a *Young Bachelor*, published in this day's Repository, the editor has received communications on the same subject from a "*Friend to the Fair*," "*Maria*," and "*An Old Bachelor*." It is a pleasure to see the cause of the fair so generally advocated; but it was impracticable to publish all the answers, as they would have nearly filled the whole paper!

Edwin's letter to his Sister, and an Essay on Religion, by *Albaris*, shall be published as soon as possible.

"*The Dominic*"—"Rural Taste of a London Tradesman's wife"—"*Reply to D. Smith's Question*"—"Poem from *Ossian*," &c. are received, and shall be duly attended to.

## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

At the Examination of the Pupils of the Young Ladies' Academy, on the 6th inst. a very young lady (one of the pupils) produced and read aloud, as her Composition-Exercise for the occasion, the following lines.

#### ON PURSUING PLEASURE

AND

#### NEGLECTING IMPROVEMENT.

THE vice and folly of the present age  
Should ev'ry thought and ev'ry tongue engage;  
Yet, here, th' indignant Muse will but describe  
The airy throng, and gay voluptuous tribe,  
Who tread the beaten path of pleasure's round,  
And think that happiness will there be found.  
Mistaken throng! too easily betray'd!  
Those paths will end in gloomy, sick'ning shade!  
For Pleasure only yields a transient ray;  
And Vice close follows to blot out the day.  
Would you taste Happiness in all its sweets?  
Seek it in Virtue's and in Learning's seats.  
But Science has no charms, nor gives delight,  
To those, whose vice and follies dim their sight:  
Even when the best exertions are employed,  
How soon is every noble passion cloyed!  
Behold, fair Wisdom your approach invites:  
Now Conscience urges, and pursuit incites;  
Now, glorious Science, clad in robes of peace,  
Unveils her charms, and points to paths of bliss.  
These guides, then, follow, and you'll surely gain  
Content and Happiness, with all their train.  
With cheer, I look you'll mount the steep ascent;  
Nor vice nor folly enter to prevent  
Your useful labour; nor your mind delude  
From where alone resides your *sovereign good*.  
Though Vice's flatter'ing and alluring ways  
No present grief may give, nor sorrowing days;  
Tho' joyous Pleasures now may dance along,  
And for a while engage th' unwary throng;  
Tho' all things seem propitious to each thought,  
And with delight each rising scene be fraught;—  
Yet shall the time arrive, when Conscience' sting  
Shall probe the soul, and deep repentance bring:  
Then shall bright Science, with benignant ray,  
Dissolve your intellectual mists away;  
Drive the delusive phantoms from your mind,  
And shine before you, glorious and rein'd;  
Then far dispel th' obscurity of night,  
And give your souls one clear unsullied light.  
Now, when you view the heav'n-descended maid  
Thus in her charms and loveliness array'd,  
Regret will wound you at your long delay  
To woo th' enchanting Fair, and tread her way;  
And anger fire you, at the syren-voice  
Of Pleasure, turning you from Virtue's joys.  
Now Wisdom seems to shine with brighter blaze;  
For ways of perfect peace are all her ways;

Each avenue all glorious to behold,  
Her roseate bow'rs inshroud'd in living gold.

Such fate, most certainly, is in reserve  
For those who from the path of duty swerve;  
Who will not Wisdom's admonitions hear;  
Who turn to Virtue's voice a deafen'd ear;  
And in the giddy whirl of Pleasure run,  
Till opportunities to learn be gone....  
Thus they continue, till life's ebbing wave,  
Remind them of a sure approaching grave;  
Then, unprepared, they quit this transient state,  
And know their everlasting doom too late!  
When the great day shall bring the closing scene,  
And at th' Almighty call the world convene;  
When the astonish'd heav'ns shall backward roll,  
And horror shake th' affrighted sinner's soul;  
Then God, the awful Judge shall loud declare  
Bliss to the saints—While horror and despair,  
Mark'd in the sinner's countenance, shall show  
His soul's deep anguish and embitter'd woe,  
Edg'd by the keen reflection, that the ray  
Of Grace divine once pointed out his way,  
To Wisdom, Virtue, Happiness and Heav'n;  
But he despis'd them all....and cannot be forgiv'n!

A. C.

#### RURAL SOLITUDE.

*I'd live retir'd, contented and serene;  
Forgot, unknown, unenvied and unseen.*

LIVINGSTON.

JUST by the side of yonder stream,  
There blooms a pleasant grove,  
In which I often wander forth  
To taste of rural love.

Enchanting sounds I oft had heard;  
But now, more clear and plain,  
These words from thence salute my ear,  
In sweet melodious strain—

"Say, why not leave the noisy world,  
"Where war and strife, combin'd,  
"Destroy the charm of innocence,  
"That beauty of the mind?

"O come and court this sacred shade,  
"This ever green retreat;  
"Where true simplicity is found  
"To render joy complete."

Charm'd with the voice, I eager flew  
To those delightful shades,  
Which lengthen'd out their airy forms,  
And stretch'd along the glades.

My near approach, the leafy train  
Seem'd sensibly to view;  
And, bowing, bade me welcome there,  
Unfolding charms anew.

The radiant source of gladsome light  
Had recently withdrawn,  
And far behind the western hills  
On other regions shone.

No more he darts the shining ray,  
Or soft-illumin'd beam;  
To glitter as the diamond bright,  
Or dazzle in the stream:

Yet all his beauties are not fled;  
For now, behold, arise,  
Far gleaming from the lighten'd west,  
New splendors in the skies.

As these retire, a mingled train  
Of constellations bright,  
Successively appear in view,  
Diffusing heav'nly light.

These in reluctant grandeur roll;  
And, nightly, to the earth  
Proclaim, in song, to every land,  
The God who gave them birth.

Now silence o'er the spacious round  
Extends her grateful sway;  
All Nature is retir'd to rest,  
And seems in sleep to lay.

No distant hum disturbs the ear,  
Nor howling tempest blows,  
To interrupt the soul's deep thought  
Or violate repose.

Enraptur'd moments of delight!  
Blest contemplation-scene!  
Thus let me ever live retir'd,  
Contented and serene.

Here, all my wants are well suppli'd,  
By nature's frugal hand;  
And yonder crystal stream allays  
Of thirst the keen demand.

Here, from the gay and noisy world,  
Come neither pride nor strife;  
Which mar the soul of human bliss,  
Imbittering social life.

Here, wild ambition never reigns,  
Involving all in fire;  
Nor man, inflam'd, inflameth man  
With everlasting ire.

But all the gentle passions, here,  
With Virtue's train combine,  
To hallow this sequester'd seat,  
And make it half divine.

DIOGENES.

#### SELECTED.

#### EPITAPH ON LILIO GIRALDI.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LOITER not here—the tomb thou seest contains  
But bones and dust, Giral-di's last remains;  
Who, turn'd adrift on life's uncertain tide,  
No powers to succour, and no God to guide,  
Stemm'd its wild waves awhile, then sunk and died.  
Nor boots it thee, or him, that more be known;  
Go—heed not his affairs, but mind thy own!

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